

[NEW SERIES.]

Vol. 4.

Price, 10 Cents. Per Annum, \$3.

No. 12.

[Whole No. 351.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

Subject: Nurture of Noble Impulse.

# PLYMOUTH PULPIT:

A Weekly Publication

OF

## SERMONS

PREACHED BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.



NEW YORK:

J. B. FORD & COMPANY,

(27 PARK PLACE, AND 24 & 26 MURRAY STREET,)

1875.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, AGENTS FOR THE TRADE.  
European Agents: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Crown Buildings,  
188 Fleet Street, London. Sold by all Carriers and News Dealers.

## AUTHORIZATION.

Brooklyn, January, 1869.

Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co.,

Gentlemen:—Mr. T. J. Ellinwood has been the reporter of my sermons for some ten years; and he is the only authorized reporter of them. The sermons which you are printing, week by week, from his hand, are published by you alone, and are the only ones for which I will consent to become responsible.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT is the only regular publication of Mr. BEECHER'S current sermons—the one sanctioned by his authority; it is well printed on good paper, in book form—suitable for binding and preservation—and it is cheap. The Publishers respond to the demand for a regular insertion of the Prayers, as among the most profitable features of Mr. BEECHER'S ministrations; and the Scriptural lessons and hymns sung are also indicated, making a complete record of one service of Plymouth Church for each Sunday.

This publication began with the sermon of Sunday, September 20th, 1868, the first of the Church services for the year. Each Volume contains twenty-six numbers, being one sermon each week for six months. Volumes I. to VIII. are now issued in book form; each making one large and handsome 8vo vol. of about 500 pages;—Vol. I. being embellished with a new STEEL PORTRAIT of Mr. BEECHER—the best likeness of him ever published—Vol. II. having a fine large Interior View of Plymouth Church. Bound in extra cloth, beveled boards. Price \$2.50 per vol. Sent post-paid by mail on receipt of price. Vols. IX. and X. are now ready, closing the original series.

A full Table of the Subjects discussed in all ten of the volumes of the original series will be mailed to any address on receipt of a 2-cent postage-stamp. Any back numbers—single sermons—can be had.

## A New Series.

In the present commodious 12mo size, but retaining the clear, open type of the larger pamphlet, the New Series was commenced Sept. 27, 1873. This will hereafter be the style of the publication.

TERMS.—Single numbers, 10 cents. Yearly subscription price, \$3, giving two volumes of about 500 pages each. Half-yearly subscription price, \$1.75. Subscriptions may begin with any number.

A PREMIUM OIL-CHROMO will be presented to each annual subscriber for the ensuing year, a fac-simile of Mrs. Sherman's painting called "*The Lord is Risen.*" An old moss-grown Cross, symbol of the Saviour's earthly work and death, stands in the gray dawn of Resurrection Morning, wreathed with vines and clusters of violets and pure lilies-of-the-valley—the flowers and foliage of early Spring, symbols of the new life. As a whole, the picture is an exquisite expression, in natural objects, of the central thought of the New Testament, and will receive a warm welcome from all who love The Book.

In several years' experience we have learned that 999 out of every 1,000 subscribers wish us to mount and deliver the pictures presented with periodicals, because we can do it cheaper than they can get it done. We shall therefore issue no unmounted ones. The charge for Mounting and Delivering the Picture (sized and varnished, all ready for framing) to each subscriber is 50 cents, to be remitted with the subscription price; the entire sum thus being \$3.50. Remit by Postal order, check, or registered letter; currency at the risk of the sender.

POSTAGE OF PLYMOUTH PULPIT to subscribers in the United States is twenty cents per year, payable quarterly, in advance, at the Post-office to which the pamphlet is sent; and on single copies to England it is two cents.

## NURTURE OF NOBLE IMPULSE.

---

"But what think ye? A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not: but afterward he repented and went. And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir; and went not. Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."—MATT. xxi., 28-31.

---

It should be a matter of serious consideration to those who demand that preaching should mainly proceed upon a *sound doctrinal basis*, that such a mode of preaching, and the requisition of it, are right in the face of the example of our Master. There is not a doctrinal sermon recorded of Christ in the whole of his ministry. On the other hand, the preaching of Christ was exclusively ethical and spiritual, and that, in pictorial forms, or in the forms of the simplest didactic teaching. I do not mean by this that that example compels all men so to preach; but I do say that where men preach didactically, ethically, pictorially, they are not to be condemned because they do not preach doctrinally—because they do not preach what are called the great doctrines of grace—what are called *sound doctrinal views*, *discriminating doctrinal views*. I do not set any mark of opprobrium upon these—far from it. Religion has the liberty of the whole human mind; and as there is an underlying philosophy, so they that are equipped for that purpose, and feel themselves called of God to preach doctrinally—that is, to preach religion in a philosophical point of view—have a right to do it;



but they have no right to say, "We are the characteristic preachers of doctrine and those who do not preach in this doctrinal manner are but half preachers;" for he who says so makes Christ to be only a fourth of a preacher.

The whole course and flow of that fountain from which the apostles themselves gathered inspiration, and which has been the source of supply in the world for two thousand years, is in favor of pictorial preaching addressed to the feelings, to the imagination, and to the intellect interpreting through the imagination and through the feelings. Not that this excludes other kinds of teaching, but it justifies them.

Here, our Master teaches, as in the passage which we read in the preliminary service, by means of pictures or parables—that is, simple fictions—that is, novels. The same truth is taught in both passages—that which I have taken for my text, and that which I read for general profit; that is, the fugitiveness of good feeling. A question arose in the minds of the disciples as to why Christ adopted the method of teaching by parables. He explained it to them; and, unless they were a great deal sharper than we are, the explanation was more dark than the thing itself. "I teach," says he, "that hearing they may hear, and not understand, and that seeing they may see, and not perceive. Their heart is waxed gross; they are dull of hearing; and I put it in this way [this is the obvious and first meaning evidently] so that when they hear they shall not understand what it means."

Now, in a certain sense that is true, and in a certain sense it is not true. It would be blasphemous indeed to say that the Redeemer who came into the world to save mankind employs himself in bewildering them and darkening their minds, and that a minister who came to save men stumbles them, allures them, misleads them. But if, coming to men that are already gross-minded, men that are banded together in parties against a spiritual religion, men that are determined to have a partisan religion, and to cut off anybody that diminishes their strength and authority, and that sit to hear, in order that they may criticise and not receive, he says, "I will preach so that, while they take in one thing, the great mass of mankind shall have instruction in another

thing; I will give them a picture, and they will have to interpret it,—but their interpretation will be theirs, and the teaching will be mine; and the humble, those that are willing to get at the light of truth can get it, while those that are captious and want something to condemn will find their hands slipping off when they attempt to contradict the preacher; and so I adopt the parabolic form of the inculcation of truth, and I adopt it in order that I may maintain myself as a minister, and help those who are willing to understand, and avoid the jaws of those who are not willing to understand,”—if this is the substance of the explanation, it seems not so inexplicable, nor so unreasonable.

Two sons are represented—one the willing, and the other the unwilling. The unwilling son represents, according to the interpretation, the great under-class of vicious people. The father says to him, “Go, my son, and work to-day in my vineyard.” “I won’t,” says the son. Yet, when the father went away, the son said to himself, “Well, now, that was rather rude. I felt cross and ugly. I ought not to have spoken so. The fact is, it was reasonable, and I guess I will go.”

That is, the publican, the sinner, and the harlot, to whom the Gospel message came which was so averse to all their inclinations and habits, at first said, “I don’t care anything for it, and I will have nothing of it;” but afterwards they pressed around the Saviour, and accepted his teachings.

The other son, when approached by the father, was all amiableness; and the father said to him, “My son, go, to-day, and work in my vineyard.” “Yes, I will go,” quickly responded the son; and it is not necessary to think that he did not mean to go. He did, probably. He was all complaisance. But afterwards, he said to himself, “Well now, I had appointed this day to go a-fishing, and I did not think of that when I said I would go to work in the vineyard. I had intended to meet that party to-day, and I never thought of it.” Here was one thing that he meant to do, and this other thing came up in his mind, and he said, “Look here, I told my father I would go, but I think I won’t”—and so he did not go.

If you take the first half of each of the two statements, it bears heavily against the son who said "I won't"—the morose and fractious son. The other son was amiable and affectionate. Yet out of the crusty refusal came obedience, and out of the smiling obedience came disobedience.

This lets me very fairly into the subject that I propose to speak on this morning, namely : The unfruitful emotions of goodness that rise up in the hearts of men : the purposes of good that men form ; the visions of right things that they see ; their inclinations and impulses toward something higher, truer, purer, nobler, that often dance and glitter on the surface of men's fancies,—that whole experience in which the mind moves for a moment toward nobility and grandeur and glory, but which soon subsides and comes to nothing.

We have received, happily, a constitution which is adapted to the exigencies of human life. Men's minds do not act as printers' types do, every letter being selected, and every sentence being spelt out, and, when it is stamped, being stamped complete. Men, on the other hand, are so organized that they have in every part of their nature an element of what may be called *instantaneity*—the instantaneous effusion of feeling ; the immediate perception of what is best or not best ; a recognition of what is good or what is bad, what is right or what is wrong, what is safe or what is dangerous,—instantaneousness of purpose.

This element or principle of instantaneity of course varies. The dull and lethargic are slow ; the intermediate are faster than this extreme, and less rapid than the other extreme ; and the more finely organized, the higher, natures have it so that it flashes and plays without any perceptible pause between the impulse and the result. But all have it ; without it, life would be impossible. When men walk, the very body has it. If a man should be obliged, as one that is just getting out from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, or as one who is in the last stages of lumbago (and I speak feelingly), to pick his way as he walks, and think, "That brick is set a little sidewise," and to calculate and say, "How many inches must I lift my foot, to step over it?" how long do you think it would take him to walk from Brooklyn to



New York? Going and coming back would consume almost the whole day, and the errands of life would be neglected. But a man in health is not obliged to do this. The foot itself does the calculating. The foot sees without your thinking or seeing. It rises and lowers of its own accord. You instinctively avoid the slough. You leap the little gulfs. You know the best way to accommodate your whole body to the ten thousand varying conditions of matter. The law of gravitation, of light, of heat, of magnetism, of liquidity or solidity, of things sharp or blunt—all these the body, without any care on your part, attends to. No man walks into a mortar-bed. No man stumbles over a sand-heap. Men jump, not on iron fences, but on feather-beds; and having jumped, they never get up and say, "Ah! what if we had not thought of that! How lucky it was!" Suppose a man were obliged, for all the operations of the body, to have a little monitor in his mind that should be on the lookout for him, and he should say, "If I lift my hand so and so, or do so and so with it, I shall have rheumatism in the shoulder; and therefore I won't do it"? What if such calculation as that had to be made before every movement of the body?

A theory has been proposed lately that I had empirically entertained many years—that is, that by use at last the nerve-system becomes intelligent, so as to do away with reasoning respecting many things connected with the body. The hand works intelligently, without thought of the brain. It has something in it of the power of the brain to think. So has the foot. Those parts of the body that are most constantly used acquire, by education, a kind of unconscious semi-opaque intelligence—enough, at least, to adapt them to all the necessities of instantaneous selection or avoidance.

That which is true of the muscles is just as true of the emotions. If you sit reading, and a missile—a snowball, for instance—comes flying through the air, and is just about to strike your face, you do not say to yourself, "There comes a snowball: let me lift my hand and ward it off." It would hit you before you could say all that. You lift your hand, and ward it off, and afterwards think of the instantaneity by which you repelled the attack. A lion lies sleeping, crouched

down. Now, let some spring be made upon him, and, before he is awake, he throws himself into an attitude of defense or of smiting. And this instantaneity which belongs to the animal belongs yet more to man.

And it does not run in the channel of combativeness or anger alone. Men say that anger is wrong. It is salvation. A man that cannot be angry cannot be a man. A man without anger is a pulpy mass, as it were. He is like a lobster or an oyster without a shell. Everything eats him up. Anger is the power of instantaneous repulsion. It is, as it were, the electricity of temper which destroys danger. We are commanded, "Be ye angry." Oh yes, we are to be angry, but we are to "sin not." We are to feel anger, but we are not to let it ripen into a permanent principle. We are also commanded, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." When it is continued, it becomes hateful, malignant; but when it is an instantaneous repulsion of evil and danger it is right,—and not only is it right, but it is one of the most beneficent elements of our constitution. It is not a fault to be capable of becoming quickly indignant. A man that is a man does not need to sit down and think a long time, and say, "Well, that boy is only ten years old, and that man is six feet high and thirty years old; that boy was on the right side of the walk, and that bully was on the wrong side; and yet the man kicked the boy into the ditch,—and that is what I now deliberately think, upon principles of just reasoning, was mean!" What if a man had to go through such a mental process, in order to arrive at such results? How would life unfold itself? How could society get along?

If a drunken rowdy, coming up, insults the woman on your arm, hardly is the word out of his mouth before he is where he does not speak again; and although you may say, "It was rude, it might have been a little in over-measure," that is his look-out, not yours; because when a man is aroused suddenly, and lets fly all that he has in him, it is more or less, according to his capacity. When there is but a pint in him, he strikes and hits with only that pint, and when there is a quart, with that quart; and it is for the evil-doer and not for him to look out for the consequences of the



impulse in defense of right which is suddenly developed in him.

We hear a good deal about cautious action ; and there is need of cautious action. Society is made up of opposites. There is in every man a principle of self-restraint, and a principle of individual freedom. There is in every man a principle of combativeness and destructiveness, and a principle of kindness and benevolence. There is in every man a principle of things visible, and a principle of facts and relations that are invisible. There are in men such great opposite elements as these ; and where they come together they are like the spokes of a wheel, that, stopping at a certain point, are all perfectly consistent, but that, being pushed beyond that center, conflict one with another. There is a realm of facts, and there is a realm of imagination ; and these two realms are not inconsistent with each other, when they are legitimately employed. Men are made up of these opposites.

Now, caution is necessary, and so is impulse without caution. Self-restraint is necessary, and so is self-abandonment. They are all needful. Man is not made on the pattern of a biscuit, with just so many fork-sticks in him. Men reason about a man as though he were of a simple organization, and as though he moved in a limited sphere ; but he is made so voluminous, the combination of his being is so infinite, and the out-flow of his life is so multitudinous, that the greatest thing which ever happens in this world is human life. Nothing that Niagara does, by day or by night, is more than this : thundering down a precipice in obedience to the simple law of gravity. It is wealth of water—that is all. It never flutes ; it never prays ; it never sings—though it roars. It does nothing but gush and thunder. But the poorest creature that stands to look upon it has a wealth of imagination, of changing emotions, of contradictory passions. There is in him that which, in the multitudinousness of its results, has no comparison either in the bird of the air, in the beast of the field, or in the glittering insect. We are made but little lower than the angels. The most wonderful thing that happens all the time is human life, with its complexity, its variety, its fruitfulness.

Therefore, when men talk about prejudice, it is with that as it is with anger. It is virtuous to be angry, but it is vicious to keep angry. It is virtuous to have a prejudice, but it is vicious to let that prejudice harden into a permanent judgment not in accordance with the truth. What is prejudice? *Præ-judicium*—instantaneous judgment. You need to rectify it by subsequent reflection; but without the power of forming instantaneous judgments, there can be no power to live to any purpose.

So then, a quick decision of the will, a quick action of the emotions, of the understanding, or of the moral sense, adapts men to their ever-varying wants and exigencies in the career of society. It is a mistake, therefore, to indiscriminately urge everybody to caution, caution, caution. There ought to be caution, but there are times when it is unnecessary. Every wine cask ought to have good iron hoops to hold it together; but when the wine begins to flow is not the time to put on extra hoops. It ought to be allowed to flow. And in regard to the great ends of life, they ought to be held together by definite principles, well understood; but in carrying out those principles into daily life, with its ever-changing and evanescent circumstances working on men, this vital instantaneity is also necessary; and while, preaching to young people, I say, "You ought to be considerate, you ought to be reflective and cautious, and in things ascertained you ought to be conservative," I also say, on the other hand, "You ought to be vital; you ought to flash; you ought to be instantaneous; you ought to follow what is good in your emotions."

Now, this beneficent constitution does not of necessity (at any rate not until the later periods of life) lead a man in the right way. He who thinks that because he has a clear inspiration of thought or feeling he will therefore retain the truth, believes in the egotistical doctrine of self-infallibility. There is no man so well balanced by original constitution that he is necessarily right. The man who has been thoroughly educated, and practiced or trained as well as educated, may, in the main, toward the later and riper periods of his life, trust his great impulses in regard to right and

wrong ; but no man can trust the impulses of conscience, in earlier life. No man, in early life, can feel sure that his impulses will have immediate consummation in great beneficial results. They are subject to the measurement of the reason and the moral sense. Our emotions are not necessarily infallible interpreters.

So then, one of the things which every wise man should and which every wise man does perform, is to give consideration to impulse, to measure it, to estimate it, to correct it, to enlarge it, or to reduce it, as the case may be.

Now, it is at this point that the danger lies ; and, as a general rule, I think it must be said that what is called a "sober second thought," to the average of men, almost always deteriorates their emotions. Men who have in their first impulse aspiration, nobility, heroism, when they come to submit it to what is called the "sober second thought," rasp it down ; they take off the color and the beauty ; they deprive it of freedom and scope, and leave it sordid—at any rate, secular. Only now and then is there found a man who says, at the first, "I won't," and who, on reflection, changes his mind, so that he says, "I will." Thousands and thousands of men there are who, when duty shines out suddenly, say, "All hail!"—who, when some noble virtue presents itself, bow, and say, "Be mine forever ;" who, when a field of usefulness opens before them, say, "I will enter, I will enter, with all my soul ;" but who, when the father is gone, and they stop and reflect, say, "I said I would go, but I think better of it." No, you think worse of it.

This is the point of transition, then, where there is that benevolent constitution by which we have impulse, instantaneity, in our nobler nature, just as much as in our lower nature. It is where there are these impulses toward a better life, a higher life, a purer life, a heroic life. It is where they come under consideration, and where they are, either by honest using or by deceitful, calculating dealing, spurned and brought down. And this is the point where thousands and thousands of men suffer. It will therefore bear a little investigation.

There are many good impulses which depend upon exter-



nal stimulus to develop them. There are minds which, although they have not great power in the development of higher impulses, are susceptible to influence. An colian harp put in the window moves to the slightest breath of the wind, and unwinds its strange, weird melodies in the twilight; but the organ and the piano might stand a thousand years in the wind, and all that they would be competent to do would be to lie dormant. They could not be moved by such an influence.

Now, there are many men who are so sensitive in their better organization and thought that they originate. There is a spontaneity about them, and they are called automatic, inspirational, or are characterized by whatever other term you may choose to apply to them. They have the power of generating ideas. They have impulses in themselves, without any particular relation to external circumstances. Many persons are competent to heroism, who are not competent to generate heroism in their own thought. Many men are capable of giving up their will for the sake of somebody else, if they are moved to it; but there must be some external pressure brought to bear upon them. There are many people who feel that generosity is a noble thing, when something makes them feel so; but when that something draws away from them, they fall back, and have, in the language of Scripture, "no root in themselves." This noble impulse is found to be developed in them when pressure is brought to bear upon them; but when, after its development, the pressure is removed, they sink back into themselves. It is an impulse which, in order to be continued, must be fed from their own nature; but they have not the roots in themselves that feed it, and therefore it dies.

So there are thousands and thousands of persons in the church who hear the doctrine of purity, and the doctrine of self-sacrifice; and, while they are here, they are not only in sympathy with these things, but they say, "God do so to me, and more also, if from this hour I do not try to practice this." Nevertheless, the door is hardly closed upon them in their own houses, and the opportunity scarcely presents itself of putting them in practice among their servants,

and children, and friends, and acquaintances, before the impulse is gone.

“In honor preferring one another.”

We are coming down the Ohio. There is a pleasant company of some two-score persons. They know that I am on board, and they come to me with the request, “Will you give us a Sunday morning talk?” and it is arranged, and I preach to them, in my way—I talk to them, taking for my text this passage: “In honor preferring one another.” I show them how beautiful it is. I illustrate it. I show them how beautiful it is to prefer those that are inferior. I tell them how grand and noble a man feels who treats his servants, the lowest of them, with a consideration which makes them more manly. I can see one and another drop a tear, or wipe it away; and so I go on, opening up the beauty of disinterestedness and of studying one another’s happiness. I keep talking to them in this strain until I perceive that dinner is ready to be served, and I give out a hymn, and it is sung, and I close the meeting. Then the gong sounds,—and every man tears for that dinner door; every man rushes for the table, pulling and hauling and trying to get the best place, opposite the choicest dish; and everybody goes to eating with all his might, and nobody waits on anybody. And when they have gorged themselves, they begin to wipe their faces, and say, “We had a good sermon this morning.” At the very first opportunity they had of carrying out the principle, their old nature, their old life, their old basilar habits, prevailed.

Would it be fair to turn on these persons, and say, “When you cried upstairs in the cabin, you were hypocrites; when you acted in that way, it was all a specious pretense”? Not at all. They were sincere. It was real. The life which I pictured was beautiful to them. Then what was the matter with them? Why did they act so? It was because they were under the influence of an exterior pressure. While there was a mind interpreting the truth to them, they accepted it; but, the moment that influence ceased to be exerted upon them, they fell back into themselves. There was no root of that thing in them. At the first opportunity, all their

under-nature worked again, just as it had worked before. That is the reason why so many persons listen, resolve, feebly try, and fail miserably. So that I sometimes think that going to church hurts people. I know that going to church hurts some people. There are persons who go into church, and are stimulated and lifted up, and then they go out again, and fall back into their own old nature, and act just as if they not been stimulated; and they go in again, and are stimulated and lifted up again, and then they go out, and fall back again. Their nature accommodates itself to the different circumstances, and they get used to them. Being lifted up and lowered, lifted up and lowered, the operative capacity of their sensibilities is lost out, and they get into a sort of medium condition, in which they remain all the rest of their lives, no longer competent to carry out any generous impulse which they may have. A moral enamel comes over them; so that, though they feel somewhat, there is a disconnection between feeling and willing—between feeling as a moral emotion, and willing organized as a power of action—between transient feeling and the embodiment of feeling into character, which is the great end and drift of education in human life. This power of turning a momentary emotion to a permanent benefit they have lost; and when they have lost that, they have lost all nerve.

Oh, how troublesome it is to have a hand so sensitive that you cannot even let the sheet lie over it! A cure for that would be—to cut the nerves. Now the hand does not suffer a bit—no, even if you put a needle into it, it does not suffer. It is dead. It not only does not suffer, but it does not feel. Yet, is that the best remedy for rheumatism?

There are many persons who suffer from momentary moral sensibilities; and, as a cure for their suffering, they deaden those sensibilities; they paralyze them; and at last they become incompetent any longer to feel. Is that the best moral cure?

It may be said that such people had better not go to church, then. Well, perhaps they may as well be there as anywhere else, because they fill up. Alas, that I should say it! but I think there are persons here whose room would be



better than their company—persons who have been here for a score of years without being made any better, and have occupied room that would be more promising of good to some others than it seems to be to them. Who they are I do not know, but God knows who they are. Perhaps you will make the application for yourselves. There are persons here that have outlived my power of doing them good. I may yet amuse them, fascinate them with illustrations, and play upon their imaginations; I may, perhaps, feed their reasoning power; perhaps I may in some indirect way yet do them good, make them more rational, make them more comprehensive in knowledge and in life; but in respect to that which goes to make men purer in high or low places in life—in that respect, I fear they are past my medicament, past my administration. Where persons have good impulses, but are feeble in carrying them out, we see the wisdom of the divine ordination of business, of society, of the family, and of the church; for there are persons who are like pea-vines that need to be staked, in order that they may stand up. They have not strength enough to support themselves. If they had not something to lean upon, they would be beaten to the ground by every rain. Many and many a feeble nature has power to stand in alliance with a stronger nature, and to climb on a stronger nature, and so to be saved instead of being lost. Even the household does that for the individual which he could not do for himself. So it comes to pass that persons are not only virtuous but high-minded when at home, who, when public duty takes them to Washington or Albany, sink into the mire. About nine men in every ten cannot afford to leave home. Their coarseness, their temper, their passions, which at home are restrained by duty, by love, by various influences, spring forth when they are abroad. The restraints from vice and the inspiration of excellence being taken away, having no root in themselves, they fall.

That which is true of the family, is just as true of the church, and of the great industrial influences of society, which are so many crutches to hold up those virtues, or sources to furnish that stimulus, which men require, but which they have not in themselves the roots to feed.

Every one has also what may be called a soul-current, and good impulses too often find themselves obliged to stem that current. The settled habits of a man's nature are flashed over by glowing impulses; but these impulses have no power as against the full current.

Look, for instance, at vanity. I do not mean that the direct, the immediate operation of vanity, or that its impulse, is wrong: it is not wrong. The love of admiration, carried a little too far, becomes vanity. The love of admiration is civilizing and Christianizing. The impulse, the desire to please, and to seem pleasant to others,—to appear graceful, accomplished, kind,—is a good impulse; and yet, vanity, as we ordinarily speak of it, is a *seeming* in life. It is the sacrifice of more valid things for the sake of *seeming*, in order to win admiration.

Now, it is frequently the case, that a person's life may have, more or less, a reference to admiration; yet he may be brought under moral influences which lead him to feel how much nobler self-sacrifice is than self-worship; and while he admires himself, under the influence of the tender feelings of the soul he may say, "I will sacrifice that love which I bear to myself, that self-love which covers me with appearances. I perceive that it is ignoble and low, and I will overcome it and live a higher life."

Have you asked leave? "Asked leave of whom? I have asked God to help me." Yes, but have you asked leave of habit—soul-habit? You are now thirty years of age, and for thirty years you have been training a little despot in your bosom; and do you suppose that despot is going to take off his crown and throw down his scepter because you have had a flash of emotion? Do not you suppose that vanity in you laughs; and do not you suppose that, if it could speak, it would say, "Here is my *fool* in church again to-day, going through the same thing. I am not going to say anything. Let her keep on." You go home, and the evening comes, and friends call in. Up to this time, vanity has not disturbed your solemn purpose. Your conscience has been in the ascendancy all day. But it is new. It is raw. It does not know the ways of the soul. Vanity does, however; and

the very first thing that you find yourself doing in the evening is something to attract observation, something to draw forth praise. You find yourself assuming something that is not real; and then it is vicious. Ten thousand things are half said, or said wholly, or not said at all, which are little baits that vanity throws out to secure notice and estimation and admiration. The next morning, you say, "What was it I heard yesterday that disturbed me so? Oh, I remember now. Well, I did mean to live a better life; but on sober second thought I do not know—I do not know." "Yes, I will go," said the young man; but he went not. You had a glorious inspiration; there lifted itself up before your vision, on the Sabbath day, and under the discourse of that man of God, a sense of the dignity, of the grandeur, and of the reality, of right living; and you looked upon the ten thousand little pitiful tricks and lies and sinuosities of vain living with contempt and regret; and you said, "I will augment myself; I will rise high above these things"; and Vanity snickered,—and soon the feeling of aspiration was all gone! Yet, was it not a good thing to have? Oh yes, it was a good thing to have, and it was a bad thing to lose.

Or, take the man that is proud—the man who feels that when God made him he had to rest; the man who, reading Job, where the Almighty says, "When I laid the foundations of the world, where wert thou?" has an answer ready, and replies, "Right behind you." These men who enfortress themselves in this rocky pride—it is very hard to give them inspiration; but they sometimes go through those rifts which sickness makes—through those lightning rents which misfortunes bring; and they are sometimes brought into that condition in which they have a severe conception of humility, provided the key-note is high enough; and there is this thought in them: "I did not think much of the sermon; but the truth was a truth of God; and by Divine help I intend to be humble." That is a gracious light, even though it be flickering and pale. It is that which their souls need. Therein to them lies the gate of salvation. Through some such wholesome impulse as this they must escape out of the thrall, out of the stony prison of their pride, where they lie



endungeoned. But alas ! the sober second thought comes, and pride flies back again, iron-crowned and iron-shod, and their impulse toward a noble life dies out. Even that impulse was gracious. An impulse unexecuted has some benefit.

When, after long, long days of sailing during which no reckoning has been taken by the lost mariner, there opens, for half-an-hour, a rift in the cloud, he gets a view of the sun, and instantly he takes an observation ; and then the cloud shuts again. Ah ! but he has had an observation. The days are dark, and the storm continues ; but he has had an observation, and that is of great advantage. But how much better it would have been if the storm had cleared away and given him a calm sea and an unobscured sky ! Yet a momentary observation was better than nothing.

Now, it is better than nothing for a bad man to have one virtuous impulse ; it is better than nothing for a man in a rocky field to find one place where there is soil and where a handful of corn will grow and wave like the trees of Lebanon ; it is a glorious thing for a man to know that there is something in the world besides himself, and that he is not omnipotent, omniscient, or omnipresent ; it is a good thing for a man once in his life to feel little, and to know himself as he is ; but how much better it would be if he could fix the vision and turn it into character !

Many there are who admit that craftiness is wicked, but their whole life has been a training in good-natured insincerity. There are thief-like natures that bear the marks of what they are upon them ; there are some men that it is conniving with fraud to look at twice, as there are some men that no woman could look at twice without the imputation of unchastity ; but the most crafty men are not the men who are fox-like, vulpine. There are thousands of men who are exceedingly crafty, but over whose craft plays the fountain of good nature and good fellowship. Their craftiness is sheathed. They tell you pleasant stories, and say a thousand pleasant things.

When a farmer wants to catch wild turkeys, building his pen in the woods, and digging his trench, he strews corn along. He must be a miser who would grudge enough corn to catch a dozen turkeys ; and crafty men must be mean and

selfish indeed if they cannot spare enough disinterestedness to catch you with. And so they bait themselves with good nature, with jollity, and with wit; and people say of them, oftentimes, "Now that man has a great deal that is good about him." Yes, it is *about* him. There are men of whom it is said, "Oh well, a man had better look out for him in the end, but still he has very good qualities." He is a pleasant fellow; but under all his pleasantness there is craft.

I have seen mosquitoes. They are very delicately organized creatures. They have beautiful wings, looked at through the microscope; they sing a very sweet tenor; and if you notice how they sit down on you, nothing is more graceful. Lighting, they hush their song; and it is not until they have found the right place that they commence sucking your blood. And there are men in the world that are just like them. Blood is what they want. That is the reason of their gauzy flight and their singing about you. Since it is blood they want, they take the way to get it.

Then there are men who are not so bad as this. There are men who believe that the medium between honesty and craftiness is the golden mean of life. They think that a man must not be too honest or too crafty. They have an idea that there should be a little craft with honesty, as there is a little alloy in coin—just enough to make it circulate well. That, they think, is wisdom. There are times when men, under the inspiration of truth, and of a high ideal of manhood, are filled with impulses of benefaction. Here is a man who has built himself up, not by stealing, not by wronging others, but by quarrying his own stone, and cutting his own timber. He cheats no one, defrauds no one, but helps and does good to many, and there is much in his life that he can take satisfaction in; and yet there are many things in which he is conscious that he comes short. And even the sneaking man of fraud has times when he is thoroughly ashamed of himself, and has no doubt that he needs to be born again. Yea, such men in the sanctuary often have lifted upon them such a light of heaven and of a better nature and character, and they feel such a need of the divine Spirit, that all their soul, for the hour, goes out in that

direction. Oh, that the feeling could be condensed ! Oh, that it could be kept ! But there is an old channel through which it has been running ; that channel is not altered ; and to-morrow, when life resumes its ordinary operation, the man falls into the same soul-current again, and finds himself swept away.

So there are men whose habitual current is that of greed, avarice, stinginess ; and yet they are sometimes lifted above their lower selves into the realm of their real, true, higher nature. There comes a time when the community is moved toward some great enterprise. The champion of that enterprise opens up the grand theme of its importance as a public movement. A man listens ; and, while the discourse stirs and stimulates him, under the influence of the speaker's voice he says to himself, "That is grand ! I will give five thousand dollars to that." The meeting closes, and the audience disappears, and on his way home he falls in with a neighbor, and says, "That was a magnificent presentation ; it really touched me ; and I made up my mind on the spot that I would give twenty-five hundred dollars to this cause." He goes home, and at the dinner table the subject comes up, and he says, "My dear, I think we ought not to let such impulses of inspiration as we have felt to-day go empty ; and I have made up my mind to subscribe a thousand dollars." On the morrow he meets a friend, and says, "I am glad to see you, Saxton : you and I ought to move in this matter. • I have agreed to give five hundred dollars." And when he comes to subscribe he gives two hundred and fifty dollars ! He started at five thousand dollars and stopped at two hundred and fifty—and it was the grace of God that stopped him there ! While the impulse was on him, nothing was too good and nothing was too much to do for that object ; but the moment there was a sober second thought his feeling was changed. Ordinarily speaking, when men in this world have noble, generous, virtuous, and self-denying impulses, the sober second thought cuts them down, and brings them within the limits of a calculating secular life. One of the things which every young man should know is, that the impulses of pride, of vanity, of lust, and of low ambition, *ought* to be submitted to a sober

second thought. Examine the malign impulses; put them to the highest test; bring the bottom of your soul into judgment before the top of your soul; and then determine what is right and what is wrong: but, in regard to all disinterested, self-sacrificing, pure, heroic impulses, do not let any sober second thought get at them if you can help it. It almost invariably lops their branches, trims them down, and hews them into the pitiful four-square timber with which we build earthly houses. The higher feelings need all the help you can give them, and the lower feelings need all the restraint you can give them.

Blessed is the man who says, "I will not," but whose conscience, when he thinks the matter over, is moved, and whose sense of fidelity lifts him up out of his obstinate state, so that he says, "I will go"; and woe to those men who say, "I go, sir, I go," but who, thinking about it, go not.

How many are there here who have been accustomed to lay down in their households maxims of prudence which tend to bear their children down, so that instead of being a little lower than the angels, they are but a little higher than brutes! How many parents teach their children to suspect virtue in any of its larger developments! Why should they not? How many pulpits there are that teach us the same thing! How many times, when men mean religion, do they hear from over-cautious ministers this exhortation: "Beware, lest you fall into self-deception! Beware, lest you build on a false foundation!" Now, though that is well meant, and admirable, see what it amounts to. As if men were so liable to rush into heaven head-long as to make it necessary to put cords on them and hold them, to be sure of their not going too quick! As if men were so intent to build on foundations of faith and hope and love that one should stand by and keep them from a too eager building of spiritual houses! As if the world were not drawing them with fatal attraction downward! As if all the maxims of society—of business and of social life—did not tend to keep men down!

When, struggling through a mass of fuel, the flame shows that the fire is kindled, and that it has found air passages,



and that there is to be a grand blaze, suppose one should take a poker, and say, "Let us see if this fire is well established," and should turn over the sticks, and shut up the air holes, and then, when the fire went out, should say, "Yes, I told you so: it was not well built. If it had been, it would not have gone out."

That is very much as some deal with religious hopes. When once hope begins to shine, they say, "Let us see if it is not a false hope." Then, when they have put it out, they say, "If it had been a true hope, it would not have died out. It was not the hope of God."

It is as if there should be an infant just born, that did not breathe, but in which there was a little palpitation, and the doctor should say, "Well, put it on the shelf, and if it is thoroughly born it will show by and by; if it does not, then evidently it is a false birth."

We do not so. The time of a man's weakness is the time when he needs to be helped. The time when there breaks in upon a sordid soul great, generous impulses is the time for that soul to hold on to those impulses and develop them.

A man hears me preach of a nobler, a divine life; and he says, "This sermon has done me a world of good, but I will not carry it into effect now: I am going to China, and if when I come back, a year from this time, I feel as I do now, I will join the church." I shall not see you next year.

If there is a bit of hunger in you, feed it. If you have a bit of aspiration, follow it. If there is one movement towards more truth, more generosity, more justice, more self-denial, in you, call on God without waiting—without rising from your seats. Begin and carry it out into something practical. Go home and tell your wife. Tell your daughter and your son. Speak of it to your friends. Speak of it to your minister. The first dawnings of truth are the ones that men ought to take care of. The first good impulses of men are the ones that men should obey.

Christ is described as one who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. The flax means the wick; and when it is first kindled you know how quivering and

flickering the flame is ; but so gentle is Christ that the least beginning flame of a better life or of better resolutions he will nourish. Even the harlot and the publican he will deal so gently with that, if they feel the least spark of a desire to reform, he will minister to it and feed it. And as Christ is such a ministrant of help, all you have to do is to get into sympathy and in accord with him, and look out for the beginnings of things. Cherish every noble impulse, every true feeling, every right ideal, and every high conception.

If men are afraid to go by grave-yards, for fear that here and there some sheeted ghost will peer over the wall and chatter at them, what would they think if out of every sepulcher there should come up a peering, gibbering ghost, and the yard should be full of pallid specters? Who would go past it under such circumstances? And if God Almighty should give resurrection to all the times in which you have most solemnly entertained and enfranchised noble resolutions, and then buried them ignominiously ; if he should call up to your memory all the virtues, all the soul-fruits, which have been drawn out of you by the Sun of Righteousness, and which you have trampled under foot, who of you could stand in your own presence, or in the presence of any congregation?

O thou man, seized in the midst of thine affairs, and thrown violently on a bed of tossing sickness, when all things depended on thy guidance, didst not thou lift up blood-shot eyes to heaven and call out, "God of my father and of my mother ! spare me and I will serve thee"? God heard your prayer and brought you again to life : where is that promise? "I will go," you said : have you gone? O thou man that didst promise to leave thy salacious ways, hast thou left them? O thou who didst lift daily the cup of damnation to thy lips, and didst promise God in the hour of enfranchisement and vision of better things, hast thou fulfilled that promise? How many of us, if we should go back to times of distress, and times of bereavement, and times of sickness, and times of bankruptcy, and times of persecution, and times of vision, could stand up in judgment before God and account for those

periods in which the way was opened to the inspiration of God? The time for salvation came, and the sweet breeze wafted from heaven was sent and was ready to carry thee, and thou didst ignobly anchor.

It is no small thing for a man, born of the earth, reared upon the clod, beset by secular and downward-weighing temptations, rooted in selfishness and pride, to be seized by the other life, and have heaven open before him, and behold God and all angelic forms, and be in love with them, so that for the moment the soul rises to meet them; and it is a very serious thing for such a man to be false to God, false to truth, false to duty, and false to himself.

Therefore I say to every man in my presence:—Do not neglect the impulses to a nobler life. Do not put them away from you. Do not prove dishonest and tricky with any of those movements in yourself which indicate that the germ of divine life is in you.

“A child is drowned! a child is drowned!”—this is the cry that goes through the whole village; and the mother, well nigh bereft of reason, dashes wildly out as they are bearing the limp, helpless body, with long streaming hair, by her door. The physician is sped for, and the neighbors are there. “She’s dead! she’s dead! she’s dead!” cries the mother, “she’s dead! she’s dead! she’s dead! My only child! my only child! my only child!” They would comfort her, and they say, “Oh, do not be so despondent—do not be so despondent.” “Dead! dead! Those eyes will never see me again. She’s dead! she’s dead!” And still the workers will not give over. But at last they say, “Yes, she *is* dead.” Then, with a strange fantasy of opposition, the mother cries again, “She is *not* dead; she *cannot* be dead; she *shall not* be dead.” And she lays hands upon her, and says, “I *know* she is not dead.” And she gazes in anguish, until a little quiver is seen upon the lip, “Oh, my God! she is *not* dead.” The eyes do not see, the ears do not hear, the hands do not move, the heart cannot be felt; but there is that little quiver of the lip. “There’s life there! there’s life there! there’s life there!” Yes, there *is* life there; and now they come again, and remedies are applied, and the still form quickens,

and the mother's faith is rewarded, and she takes the living child back to her bosom.

O thou that hast in thee but the quiver of the lip, but the trembling of the eye, but the faintest pulsation of the heart, God, thine Everlasting Father, beholds it; and he will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, till he bring forth judgment unto victory. There is victory for you; there is hope for you; there is salvation for you. Oh, despise not the striving of the Spirit. Begin, accept, hold fast, and thou shalt be saved.



## PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

WE rejoice, our Father, in looking again upon the face of the earth. Thou art bringing forth abundantly thy blessings. Thou art constant in thy providence. Through all the seasons thou art manifesting thy wisdom and the riches of thy goodness, and all things show them forth. Even the branches that have stood barren now clap their hands with joy; and the whole heaven is serene, and full of the fragrance of things that are breaking forth from their long sleep. The earth doth rejoice in thee, and thy glory is in the heaven, and thy handwork is upon all the earth.

O Lord, we rejoice in these external and visible things; but if we could see all thoughts, all suggestions of thought and feeling, all sweet emotions, all gladness, all gratitude, all grief, taking the color of the Sun of Righteousness, and changing the darkness to light; if we could behold what thy grace is doing in the many souls that this day throng thy temples, all the outward world would turn pale, and would be colorless by the side of that glory which shows itself in the souls of thy people. For all their knowledge of thee, for all their faith of thee, for all their many clustering hopes in thee, we render thanksgiving together this morning. We stand witnesses to testify of the divine grace—of strength given us when it seemed that we were to faint under our burdens. We bear witness of the joys which have sprung up when we have seemed to be in the barren wilderness. We render thee thanks that the very rocks have broken forth at thy touch into springs. We render thee thanks that unendurable evils have been borne, and that the cross which threatened to crush us has lent us its strength, and we have learned to make it light. We have found, at last, the yoke easy. We have by faith and perseverance made the burden light, lifted up by thy sustaining grace.

O Lord, thou hast enlarged the bounds of the invisible world to us, and circumscribed the visible. Thou hast taught us to put a more just value upon the things which we see and handle, and to reduce them to their proper place. Thou hast taught us more and more to be sure of things which are not seen—the substance of life; to live by faith and not by sight. We rejoice that thou hast granted deep affections to thy people; that thou hast made their love to their children, to their companions and to their friends around them, so pure, so continuous, so strong, so full of fruit and blessedness; and when thy hand has been reached forth, and thou hast pruned the over-luxuriant affections of the soul, we rejoice that it has not been with wounds that cankered, and would not heal. We rejoice that thou hast after a time caused men to know how sweet is the bitter, how strong is the weakness, how multitudinous is the withdrawing of blessings, how grand is the humiliation, how victorious is the defeat. And so, when thou seemest to come to judgment with thy people, hast thou not stood finally to interpret thyself, and said: Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth; if ye endure chastisement ye are children? O grant, if there be any who are under a cloud,

if there be any who feel the thorn, and have not the grace which should sustain them, that they may every one have patience to feel that though for the present their trouble is not joyous but grievous, it shall work out in them the peaceable fruit of righteousness—peace and a fruitful righteousness.

We beseech thee that thou wilt grant that we may become more heroic in the things that are right and true. May we no longer think that religion is a garnish. May we no longer look upon it as a decoration and an ornament. May it be the substance of our lives. May we so consecrate all thought and the sources of thinking, all power, all will, all affections, life, its treasures, its flights and its ambitions, everything that is in us—may we so consecrate these to goodness, to the God of all good, that our whole-life shall be a religion. In our thoughts, in our feelings, in our most secret impulses, may we still be in conformity to the divine law, so that whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we may do all to the glory of God.

And we beseech thee that to all that are this morning gathered together with the consciousness of divine goodness upon them; to all that are filled with secret joy and newly-opened affections; to all those from whom have been taken away hindrances, and before whose way barriers have fallen; to all those who have been snatched from impending dangers, and whose difficulties have been solved; to all that have been brought hither with solemn purpose of thanksgiving and gratitude thou wilt manifest thyself, and grant to them not only the continuance of thy providential blessings, but the sanctification of them, and the ennobling of their gratitude and thanksgiving.

We pray that thou wilt inspire in all of us a continuous consciousness of the unfailing goodness of God around us, above us, beneath us—by day, by night—at home, abroad, everywhere. Open in the heart the long sealed avenues of gratitude and sensibility to divine goodness. May we wonder, and be filled full of gladness, at the unvarying and long-suffering kindness of our God to us; and rebuke that pride and that murmuring selfishness which look upon all things in life as not good enough for us. May we bow ourselves down in shame that we are so insensate, that we are so greedy, that we become more and more so, and that we forget all the abundance of the ever-flowing past and present.

We beseech thee that thou wilt grant not only that we may have this experience for ourselves, but that we may be light-bearers to others. May there be given to us such a sense of God's presence that others shall behold that we are walking in company with thee. May we feel such overflowing joy that others may desire to be participants of our joy. May we be so successful in overcoming weakness and temptations that others shall be emboldened to walk in the higher and better life. May we be so filled with the spirit of liberty that others, thrall'd by various habits, shall rejoice to break their bonds, and join the white-bannered host of God.

We beseech thee, O God, that thou wilt fill with sacred impulse those who are appointed to teach, whether in high or in humble circumstances; and may their teaching be not of the lips alone, but

even more of the overflowing disposition in the direction of goodness, of the restraint of the passions, of the well-ordered life, so that men, seeing our good works, shall glorify our Father which is in heaven.

Oh, for that day when men shall live, neither by envy, nor by jealousy, nor by rivalry, nor by vanity, nor by selfishness, nor by the appetites! Oh, for that day when men shall eat the bread that cometh down from heaven! Oh, for that day when there shall be the strength, the omnipotence, of weakness; when the power of God shall be discerned in virtue, in culture, in love, and in mutual fidelities, and patience, and gentleness, and when the fruit of the spirit, and not of the flesh, shall be felt in all our churches, and among all those who profess to teach the way of God! Deliver us from men filled with anger and passion in proclaiming Christ. Deliver us, we beseech thee, from the misfortune of churches filled with the smoke of contention and battle, preaching the kingdom of divine meekness. Oh, for that day when true love shall reign, and wake up truth, and arouse justice, and clothe itself with all the power of God, and fill itself with all that is noble, and discriminating, and clear-thoughted, and energetic! And yet within all thought, and all energy, and all justice, may there reign supreme the beneficent heart of God, the heart of love, that constrains every fear, and encourages all in us that leads on to the final consummation of things, that is destined by and by to usher in a cleansed universe where all passion, and all hate, and all that works malice shall have perished utterly, and goodness shall be glorious forevermore. We long for that day. We pray for its coming. We look eagerly for the signs of its approach. We pray for more and more instruments, for more and more men. We pray that thy kingdom may come, and that thy will may be done on earth as in heaven.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit, evermore. *Amen.*



## PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

OUR Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon thy truth. We pray that it may search the heart and the conscience, and approve itself to the understanding of every one. We pray that thou wilt teach parents how to teach their children to grow up in all nobleness. Teach us how to avoid a godless outward life, that we may lead a spiritual inward life that tends to God. May all the hours of this day be consecrated to goodness, and the joys that spring from goodness. And bring us at last through sorrow and through joy, through sight and through faith, through strife and through thine own blessed immortality, to the kingdom of glory.

And to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, shall be praises everlasting. *Amen.*

# NICKEL SILVER AND FINE WHITE METAL Electro-Plated Table Ware,

AND  
*Ornamental Art Work in Great Variety,*

MANUFACTURED BY

## THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

No. 550 BROADWAY, N.Y.

The best Plated **SPOONS** and **FORKS** are those SILVER-PLATED HEAVIEST on the parts WHERE NECESSARILY THE HARSHTEST WEAR comes, and bearing the Trade-Mark

**1874, ROGERS BROS., XII.**

N.B.—This great improvement in Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks is applied alike to each grade of Plate, A 1, 8 and 12 oz., as ordered. The Process and Machinery for manufacturing these goods are Patented. The Extra or "Standard Plate" made by this Company is stamped A 1. simply, and is plated 20 per cent. heavier than the ordinary market standard.

C. F. A. HINRICHS imports and deals at wholesale and retail in China and Glass; Fancy Goods, Toys and Games; Archery, Croquet, Cricket Goods, &c.; also the Kleeman's celebrated Study or Reading Lamps, Chandeliers, &c. Price Lists on application.—29, 31 & 33 Park Place, corner of Church Street (up stairs), New York.

**ONE PRICE ONLY.**—Stationery of all kinds. Writing Paper, Envelopes, and Account Books Cheap. Leach's Falcon Pens, 65 cts.; and Law Pens, \$1 a gross. Samples sent by mail. J. LEACH, 86 Nassau St., N. Y.

---

*READY JUNE 15th.*

## THE ABBÉ TIGRANE:

CANDIDATE FOR THE PAPAL CHAIR.

*From the French of FERDINAND FABRE. Translated by REV. LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.*

12mo, gilt and ink-stamped cloth, \$1.50.

A brilliant picture of life—interesting from beginning to end. It is a French novel without immorality, a tale of intrigue without women, and altogether an original, piquant, and readable story.

---

## A SUMMER PARISH:

SERMONS AND MORNING SERVICES OF PRAYER AT THE  
TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, DURING  
AUGUST, 1874.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Large 12mo, with Silver Print Photographic Portrait. Extra Cloth, \$1.50.

This book will be welcome to thousands of Mr. Beecher's friends everywhere, who will find interest in these, his lighter labors, during the period of his summer rest.

**J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers,**  
27 Park Place, N.Y.



"The best of living story writers."—*N. Y. Independent*.

# GEORGE MACDONALD'S

Forthcoming Serial Story,

## "St. George and St. Michael,"

A TALE OF

The Civil Wars of England.

GEORGE MACDONALD'S new story—his latest and best—is just about commencing in the *Christian Union*, early in April. The publishers of the *Christian Union* feel that in securing for its readers the exclusive privilege of enjoying this freshest fruit of MACDONALD'S genius, they are assured of one more claim for the paper upon the cordial welcome and hearty friendship of its subscribers. MACDONALD is known as a writer of most fascinating and delightful style—original, strong, rich in humor, tender in feeling, a master of portraiture of the human heart, both in its earthly passions and its longings and aspirations for "the things of the Spirit."

Nearly all of his novels, as well as his poems, are Scotch in scene and characters; but in the coming story he takes up the English Civil Wars and gives vivid pictures of the stirring and romantic scenes of that turbulent period. The opportunity thus given will undoubtedly be improved to the full by so ingenious and masterly a novelist.

### SOME CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"The charms and value of Mr. MacDonald's work need not be sought. They present themselves unasked for in the tender beauty of his descriptions, whether of nature or of life and character, in his almost superhuman insight into the workings of the human heart, and in his unceasing fertility of thought and happy exactitude of illustration."—*Pall Mall Gazette* (London).

"Emerson says that honest men make the earth wholesome. MacDonald does more; he makes the earth a bit heavenly."—*Edward Eggleston*.

"There is a freshness and a beauty in his style which would make his writing delightful reading, even were his stories not so remarkable for compact construction and well-sustained interest."—*Inquirer* (Philadelphia).

"He has the greatest delicacy of fancy with the greatest vigor of imagination. He is a dramatist, too, who can give the most vivid individuality to characters conceived with the rarest originality. But all his powers of mind and heart are consecrated to the service of humanity."—*Rev. H. W. Bellows, D.D.*

"Mr. MacDonald's quality is genius, and genius sees what others think about. In his intuitions, in his deep religiousness, and more than all in his sublime moral sense, George MacDonald is nearer to being a prophet than any man of our time... It is MacDonald's insight into the spiritual struggle of the human heart, it is his revelation of the hidden secrets of souls striving after God, that make his stories so powerful for good."—*Independent* (New York).

"After all, the supreme interest of MacDonald's novels is found... in the personality of the writer revealed everywhere in lofty or subtle thought, in noble sentiment, and in lovely feeling."—*Daily Transcript* (Boston).

"The Librarian of the New York Mercantile Library reports a marked increase in the popularity of George MacDonald's stories. He is compelled constantly to replace worn out volumes; and notwithstanding fresh copies are constantly placed upon the shelves, it is impossible to supply the demand."—*Daily Union* (Brooklyn).

### THE NEW STORY

Will be issued exclusively in the *Christian Union*. It commences April 14th—the *Monthly Illustrated Number*. Back numbers of this charming story will be sent to new subscribers for a few weeks only. Renewals and subscriptions should therefore be sent in promptly, that there may be no delay or dissatisfaction in receipt of papers after the story commences. **Annual Subscription Price, \$3.00.** 20 cents must also be included for U. S. legal postage.

**J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers,**

27 Park Place, New York.

# PLYMOUTH PULPIT:

The Weekly Pamphlet Publication of HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS.

*In Shape suitable for Binding and Preservation in Book Form.*

Verbatim Reports of MR. BEECHER'S sermons, made by Mr. T. J. ELLINWOOD, for seventeen years MR. BEECHER'S special reporter—one sermon each week of those currently preached in Plymouth Church. It is the *only authorized* edition of his discourses. Each number contains also the PRAYERS before and after the sermon, and a record of the SCRIPTURAL LESSONS and HYMNS sung.

"We are amazed at the fertility, freedom, and strength which he displays. . . . Like the greatest minds of history, he stands humbly before God, and finds the most affluent nutriment for his genius in the things of God and Christ. With wisdom that rarely fails, with wit that cannot be restrained, with strong common sense and devout feeling, he pours forth the treasures of his thought."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"We recognize in these sermons a power which is not given to more than one man in a century."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier*.

"The prayers published with the discourses are as remarkable as the sermons themselves."—*Zion's Herald*, Boston, Mass.

"Worthy of great praise for the freshness, vigor, and earnestness of their style; for the beauty and oftentimes surprising aptness of their illustrations; for the large amount of consolatory and stimulating thought embodied in them, and for the force and skill with which religious considerations are made to bear upon the most common transactions of life."—*Bibliotheca Sacra*, Andover, Mass.

## PICTURE-PREMIUMS.

*Any of the following-named choice pictures are presented to subscribers according to Terms given below:*

1. Marshall's magnificent steel plate called "**The Household Engraving of Washington**"—a work which instantly placed Mr. Marshall in the front rank of the world's engravers.

2. Marshall's large and superbly engraved steel plate, "**The People's Portrait of Lincoln**." This striking portrait of the "Martyr-President" was, with the "**Washington**," sent by Mr. Marshall to Doré, the great French artist, who was so impressed that he begged Mr. Marshall to engrave one of his pictures, calling him "the undoubted master of his art."

3. "**The Lord is Risen**," a choice French reproduction in oil-chromo of a painting of an "Easter Cross" wreathed with spring flowers—emblems of the Resur-

rection. This large chromo sells for \$5, and is really a beautiful picture.

4. "**Our Boys; The Dinner, and the Nap**,"—a pair of French oil-chromos after Mrs. Anderson's admirable child-pictures—for which she has a true genius. These are pretty companions for the earlier and even more popular pair, known as

5. "**Our Girls; Wide Awake and Fast Asleep**," of which we have sent out more than 180,000 pairs to American homes, and which are still given to subscribers.

Of these, Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 will be delivered post-paid by mail on receipt, by the Publishers, of 50 cents from the subscriber, to defray expenses.

No. 1 will be sent on receipt of 25 cents for expenses.

## THE ANNUAL POSTAGE

On the Pamphlet, as required by the new U. S. Law, must be prepaid in New York, instead of at the subscriber's post-office as heretofore. To all subscription moneys, therefore, add 20 cents for postage.



*Specimen Copies, giving Club Rates, etc., sent on receipt of 2 cents for postage.*

*Our New Illustrated Premium Circular, showing all the choice premiums offered canvassers, will be sent on application; also Terms for Agents and Cash Commissions.*

The **Christian Union** (Subscription Price, \$3.00), will be sent together with **Plymouth Pulpit**, (Subscription Price, \$3.00), for \$5.50.

The same picture-premiums are given with either periodical on the same terms; and a subscription to the two together at \$5.50 will entitle the subscriber to the same picture-premiums as two full price separate subscriptions would.

N. B.—All remittances must be made in check, draft on New York, Registered Letter, (or best of all) Postal Money Order.

 *Currency is mailed at the risk of the sender.* 

**J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers,**  
27 Park Place, New York.

**GOOD AGENTS WANTED**

"The Ablest and Best of American Religious Periodicals."—*The Nation*, N. Y.

*The Great Family Weekly.*

# The Christian Union,

AN UNSECTARIAN, INDEPENDENT JOURNAL, DEVOTED  
TO RELIGION, MORALS, REFORM, NEWS, LITERATURE,  
MUSIC, HOUSEHOLD MATTERS, SCIENCE, ART, ETC.  
HAVING SERIAL TALES, CHOICE POEMS, PUZZLES,  
AND STORIES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS,  
ETC., ETC.

**HENRY WARD BEECHER, Editor.**

It is the most widely quoted throughout the whole country. Its form, 24 pages, large quarto, pasted and trimmed, is very convenient for reading, binding, and preservation. It has

**THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD**

of its class, and therefore can afford to employ the best literary talent.

**FOR 1875,**

The CHRISTIAN UNION will contain a brilliant series of **Monthly Illustrated Numbers**, giving articles by the most famous writers on subjects of interest—Domestic and Church Architecture; Landscape Gardening; Trees, their beauties and uses; Astronomy; General Science; Music, both for Church and for the Household; and several new Works of Fiction, and one or more poems by favorite writers—each being **Characteristically and Beautifully Illustrated**. New subscribers will receive the paper *free from date of subscription to January, 1875*, together with an *Illustrated Supplement* containing all the back chapters, up to date, of Mrs. H. B. Stowe's charming Serial, "We and Our Neighbors," which has been running since last May.

**Subscription Price, \$3.00 per Annum.**

**PREMIUMS.**

Send for a specimen number and see the beautiful premiums offered to each subscriber.

**POSTAGE.**

By the new U. S. law of July, 1874, to all subscription moneys for 1875 must be added 20 cents for pre-payment of the postage in New York.

**PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.**

On application, a list of Premiums for getting up Subscription Clubs (a very easy task with this) will be mailed to any one wishing to earn either a Cash Commission or a desirable Premium.

**GOOD AGENTS WANTED.**

Address,

J. FORD & CO., Publishers,

27 Park Place, New York.

DMcClure 876\*